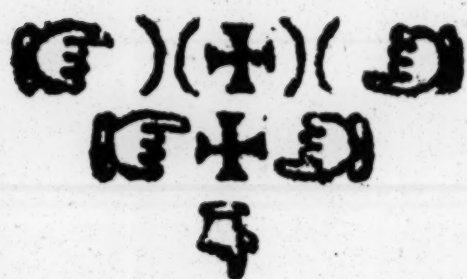




A N E

Tragedie in forme
of ane Diallog be-
twix honour gude

fame, and the Authour heirof
in ane Trance.



Imprentit at Edin

burgh be Robert Lekpzeuik. An. Do. 1570.

Ad. Bil.

In Januar the thre and twentie day,
 Befoir midnycht, in Lythquo as I lay,
 Tumbling sum tyme on bed abon the clais,
 Now heir, now thair, quhyllis down, quhyllis vp I
 Till at the last, in tunkling of ane Ae, (rais.
 Schir Morpheus the Maie affailzeit me:
 With all his sluggische Suldarts out of number
 Quhyllis led me Captiue, vnto Maister slumber.
 Quha softly said, gar keip this pure Catine,
 And tak from him, his speiche, and wittis fine.
 Than come Dame Dreming, all cled in blak Sabill
 With Sweyning Nympbis, in cullouris variabill
 Amangis the quhyllis, befoir me thair appeiris,
 Ane woundit man, of aucht and thertie zeiris:
 Baill of the face, baith blaknit blude and ble,
 Deid cyt, diam lyke, disfigurat was he.
 Makit and baith, schot throu pudding and panche.
 Abone the Panill, and out abone the banche.
 Na word he said, quhairthrou I did miskenaw him
 Because in sic ane stait I neuer saw him,
 I wes agast, and sa begouth to feir,
 Bot suddanly with him thair did appeir:
 Twa graif lyke persounis of greit Maiestie,
 And with gude countenance thay said to me:
 We ar cum heir, to the (o wofull wycht,
 To cause the wytt, that thing thou seis this nycht
 For we ar knit, in band marpit togidder,
 And to this woundit wycht father and mother.
 We him begat within thir twentie zeiris,
 Ehocht deid lyke now he so to the appeiris.
 We brocht him vp, as our deir Sone and air,
 And he to serue vs, na trauell did spair.

Thocht Atropus hes maid his Corps decay,
Zit Immortall in heuin his Saule dois stay.
And als Immortall he sall with vs rest,
And we with him, sa lang as world may lest.
Gude Schir (quod I) and ze also Madame
We not offendit, that I speir your Name,
How call thay zow, that talkis sa hamely with me?
And quhat is he, that first appeirit vnto me?
That woundit man, quhome ze do call your chylde
Quhat is your Names, lat se how ar ze styld.
Quod thay my Sone, of that we think na schame,
Honour I am, heir with my Spous gude fame.
This woundit Chylde of ouris thow may lament,
He was thy Maister ainis, and your Regent.
My Maister ainis (quod I) zit is he so,
Nay, nay, (quod thay) he is with vs ago.
We hait him taine out of that wickit lyfe,
And red him of all miserie and stryfe.
Because ze worldlingis ar ane Curst Clan
Ze war not worthie of this godly man,
Allace (quod I) deid lyke he dois appeir,
We still (quod thay) and to our sayngis heir,
Speid, speid, go to, tak pen, Ink, paper and wyte,
As we honour, and gude fame sall Indyte.

First thow sall wit, he was Sone Naturall
To James the fyft, your King and Prince Royall
Thocht beand young, to Kirkis he was promotit,
Zit we his hart with Martiall deidis dotit.
For than the Lord, sa blisit his affairis,
That furth of fyfe he chaist his aduersairis.
With help of gentill men, and subiectis to hym,
The quhilkis war willing all seruice to do hym.

Thair

Thair we begat him, and maid him our awin,
As he is, was, and sa fall euer be knawin,
Syne efter that he passit in to France
Quhair he did vs, and we did him auance.
Than hauing leirnit thair sum frencehe langage
He brocht agane with vs his pucelage,
Now to be schozt, it war lang to discern,
The godly giftis, that this our Sone did lerne.
For as in aige he daylie did Iucres
In vertew sa grew he and lawlynes,
First he did leirne to lufe God abone all,
And syne his Neighbour with lufe mutuall,
Trew Faith he leirnit of gude Abraham
with hoip and cheritie knit to the same,
He leirnit als of Salomon the wisdomie,
How with the feir of God to reule ane Kingdome,
Of strang Sampson he had also the fozs,
For to resist Gods foes on fute and hoys.
Thocht thir traitours that drest him in this cace,
Durst not present thair force befoir his face,
He had lykewyse the Justice of Iethro,
And als the Chastitie of Scipio.
He had of David the beningnitie,
And of Titus the liberalitie.
Quhat wald thow moir, to tell of all his vertus,
For common welthis, he did excell Camillus.
Quhen pleasit God, to send zow Scottis ye trench,
The same to further, at Leith he was not slench.
Reforming first his awin with diligence,
In euerie quarter quhair he had puissance.
Than was he stylit Lord James at that tyme,
To quhome zour Lordis gaf sum reule and gyde.

Sone efter that, your Quene ane wedow was,
The quhilk to bring in Scotland he did pas.
In France he went, and brocht that Lady hame,
Quha efterwart agane changit his name:
Bot zit we marryt him, quhen we thocht gude,
Unto ane Lady of his kyn and blude.
Than did your Quene mak him baith Erle & lord,
Of Murray land, to quhilk we did accord.
Sa condiscendit all your Lordis togidder,
That nixt your Quene, he suld reule abone vther
Bot than allace, he did sum thing without vs,
Howbeit that all his lyfetye he did dout vs:
He did permit your Quene to haif ane Mes,
Thro quhilk at lenth scho grew in greit prouder
Sa did the Papistis all athort this land,
Aganis the Lord, his will, law and command.
That ze almost amangis you wer deuydit,
Wer not be him, all wes the better gydit.
Sa lang in Court, as our Sone had the steir,
And that your Quene wald his gude counsail heir:
Sa lang all thing zaid weill, and wes weill drest,
In quyetnes, peace, policie, and rest.
Nane durst rebell, on ather syde of Forth,
Ouer all this cuntre, East, west, South, & North.
The hiest of thame all, he maid full law,
That did rebell, aganis Justice and Law.
Than did your Quene sum tyme with vs abyde,
In France and Scotland, baith we did hir gyde:
Bot at the last in hir tranquillitie,
Scho did vs all abandoun wantounlie,
And turnit day in nycht, and nycht in day,
All the nycht lang, to sport, sing, dance, and play.

Till

Till at the last, baith Cupido, and Venus,
Furth of ye Court, gart baneis, chais, and stane vs
Than come dishonour, and Infame our fais,
And brocht in ane, to reule with raggit clais,
Thocht he wes blak, and Moziane or hew,
In credite sone, and gorgius clais he grew.
Thocht he wes foraine, and borne in Piemont,
Sit did he Lords of ancient blude surmont.
He wes to hir, baith secret, crew, and traist,
With hir este mit, nair nor all the raist.
In yis mene tyme, come hame yan my lord Dactie
Of quhais rair bewtie, scho did sumpart fardie:
The fairest sycht, scho thocht that ever scho saw,
Hir bewtie als, did him in hir snair draw,
For to be schozt, thay luste ia togidder,
That thay culd not be hour of day but vther.
At last scho said, and caist in to hir mynde,
Quhat, quhat, sall I, be thus with Cupide pynde,
That will I not, bot go to my purpois,
Sit first I will, my mynde to sum disclois.
Than with gude vult, and visage meik and mylde,
Brother (quod scho) scho said unto our Chylde:
Will ze not weill, that I marie anc man,
Baith of our Surname, kynzeid, blude, and clan:
Lo this is he, standing befoir your face,
Lustie gude lyke, and cum of Royall race.
Him will I marie, and nane vther wycht,
Witnes heirof, to him my treuth I plycht.
In your presence, desyring you lykewyse,
That ze be witnes to this Interpyse.
Quhat wald thow mair, without all freinds cōsent
This Lord scho maryit, quhen thay wer absent.

Quha was bot young, and culd not reule the King,
And thay disperst, that suld haif done sic thing.
Sa this stranger, and fallow of na kin,
In Thuring borne, and wes ane Menstrells sone.
Begouth to reule, and callit Heinzeour David,
Be quhome your King, and Lords war all dissaid
It wald be lang on this mater to stand,
Our Sone thay chaist syne efter in England,
With sindrie uther Lordis that went vnto him,
The quhilkis wer all of ane opinioun with him.
Be this David your Lordis did this sustene,
Be him your King was lychtlyt with your Quene
Be him all thing was reulit in the Court,
For him come all this cammer, steyte and stour.
Throgh him, in him, be him, your Court was gydit
Quhill that your King and Lordis culd not abyde
The quhilkis shortly in Counsaill did cōsider, (it,
And with ane mynde thay did consent togidder,
David to slay, quhair euer thay mycht haif him.
Concluding thus, on nycht thay did persaue him
At Supper tyme, quhair he was in hir Chalmer,
Than come your king, & sum Lords with ane gla
And rest him from hir, in spyte of his nois, (mer.
Syne schot him furth, quicklie amang his fois.
Quha stickit him, withourin proces moir,
Bot all this mischeif come sensyne thairfoir:
Howbeit scho was sone closit vp beline,
Hir Bairdis defendit, and hir self Captiue,
Hit culd scho not in hart sic thing forzet,
Bot baid hir tyme, quhill scho hir tyme mycht get.
Than come thir Lords, the nixt morne efter hame,
And maist humble our Sone, halfit that Dame.

Quha

Dunbar was with Chyldre, & heir far monethis gone
And him forgaif, and maid to him hir mone,
Sayand brother, allace had ze bene heir,
I had not cum in all this sturt and steir.
My Secretar is flane in my presence,
Oh, oh brother, allace quhat greit offence?
Madame (quod he) cair not that is small synfall
He wes our fo, and gaif your grace euill counsall,
Weill, weill, (quod scho) at leist brother lat se,
Bif ze can set me at full libertie.
For I am keipit as in Presoun heir,
And na seruand of myne dar cum me heir:
With hir fair wordis, he set hir clene at fredome,
By our aduysle, quhilk was bot lytill wysdome.
For to Dunbar that nycht scho raid in haist,
Behind ane man in poist, as scho war chaist.
Thair come till hir anew of men fr a hand,
Quhilkis chaist your Lords sone efter in England.
Quhair thay remanit bancist and absent.
Quhill France and England maid chappoyntment
This quhen we thocht ilk thing wes weill aggreit
Zit wes your Quenis hart na wayis satisfieit.
Bot with bothwell scho maid conspiracie,
Seikand the way to cause hir husband die.
Heir we lat pas, greit tressounis thay committie
Quhilks for schoztues of tyme, we haif omittie.
Bot of your King, shortly for to declair,
Bothwell with pulder blew him in the air:
At hir requeist, quhilk is ane thing weill knawin,
As sen syne tauld sum seruands of thair awin.
The quhilk bothwell, for all his fylthie body
Marryt he was, unto ane Robill Lady,

Bot zit your Quene, be wrang law falslie forcit;
Maid him and hir, from vther be deuorrit:
Than went our Sone, shortly in France agane,
Quhair that we thre, togidder did remane.
Sa in our absence, maryit scho bothwell,
Quha did hir husband kill, as thow hard tell:
Of this your Nobills, culd not be content,
With burghis and cōmounis, fordwartis furth thay
Quhair thay met vther, vpon Carbarrie hil, (wē,
Take hir, he fled, and na blude thay did spill.
Than in Lochleuin, scho wes put as in waicd,
Thocht efterwart, scho had ane sleuthfull gaird.
Zit did your Lords, anyse thame of ane thing,
To crowne hir Sone, your Prince, & mak him king
Quhilk act thay did, with his Motheris consent
Confirmit be the Lords in Parliament.
And than because, he wes suer young to gouerne
Amangis thame selfis, wyllie thay did discern:
For to elect our Sone in his absence,
Regent to be, vnto your youngly Prince.
Than did your Lords, send for him to cum hame,
With him come we, baith honour, and gude fame.
All burghs and cōmounis, halelie did pai loif him,
Bot Andrie said, that thay wald hail nane of him:
Sa gyddit he, ane quyle with patience,
Quhill be mycht to his fais mak resistance.
Bet at the last, your Quene wes lattin furth,
Conuoyit away, be sum wes lytill gude worth;
And to delie, to Hamiltoun scho went,
Quhair scho fand men, ane w Incontinent:
The quhilkis dyspylit, vs honour and fame
Thairfor all turnit to thair viter schame.

Our Sone and we, wer than in Glasgows towne
To hald the airis, in thay parts he wes bowne.
Than come scho fordwart, with hir strenth & fozs,
Ma than seuin thousand, quhat on fute and hoys.
Jea twa foz ane, we think thay wer agane vs,
The towne to leaue, yai thocht than to cōstrane vs
Bot we the Langsyde hill befor thame wan,
And be Gods grace, disconfeist yame ilk man:
We tuke and slew, scho fled in to England,
Quhair scho is yit, not at hir awin command:
Our Sone cryit out, lat na mair blude be sched,
Bot tak and saif, the rest that now be fled.
In deid yat day, yair wes flane in yat place,
Ma Hamiltounis, nor ony uther race:
Howbeit the rest, of thame maist gratiouse
He did increit, with pardon and mercie.
Thay him rewardit with Ingratitude,
And fraterously this nycht hes sched his blude.
Efter this feild, our Sone in England went,
We left him not, bot wes with him present,
Than did sum Lords, lyft up yair hornis on hie,
Quhilkis did withstand your Kingis authoritie.
Bot he come hame, agane or euer thay wist,
And yair Rebellioun shortly did resist:
Sone efter him, did cum hame my Lord Duke,
Foz Ciuill weir, yai euerie man did luke:
Bot God the Lord, brocht all sa weill to pas,
That without blude, all weill aggreit was:
Except my Lords, the Duke and Hercis baith,
Wer put in waerd, yair wes na uther stait:
Quhair thay ar yit, unto yis tyme and tyde,
And will be thair, quhill sum men get ye gyde.

Sone efter this to Liddisdail he went,
Quhair of the theifis, and sic war not content:
For to thair Chyftanis he maid biggingis bair
As efterwart thay did repent full sair.
Than come he north schortly he tuke na rest,
Till all that countrie had componit and drest:
The hiest of thame all, that wald bebell,
He maid him stoup, and als to know him sell.
This being done, amang all vther thing,
He maid thame all subscribe vnto the King:
Baith far and neir, of hie and law degre,
Acknowledgeing the Kingis authoritie
Except Lord Fleming, nane war in this land,
Bot to the Kingis grace, had thay geuin yair hand
So hauing stablischt all thing in this sort,
To Liddisdail agane he did resort.
Throu Ewisdail, Edail, and all the Dails ran
And also lay thre nychtis in Cannabie: (H
Quhair na Prince lay thir hundreth zeiris befor,
Na theif durst steir, thay did him feir so soir.
And that thay suld na mair thair thift alledge,
Thre scoir and twelf he brocht of thame in pledge,
Syne wardit yam, quhilk maid ye rest keip ordour
Thau mycht the Rasche bus keip ky on ye bozdown
When he this thocht till haif bene at his cais,
In come on him the Quene of Englandis lais.
The quhilk to seik, he tuke purpois fra hand,
Withour delay, he gat Northumberland:
He socht him so, and fand him at the last,
And pat him in Lochleuin quhair he is fast.
Than went he suddanly to Dunbartane,
In snaw, fleir, drift, wind, froist, hailstanis & rane

In deid lyke snaw, thair words wer soft and fair,
Lyke fleit, quhyllis scharp, with promysis maist baie
Lyke dryft also, thay did driue of the tyme,
Will ane fals tratour suld commit this cryme.
Lyke as the froist dois freis vp all fresche watter
Thay freisit him in Stirling on this mater.
Windie it was, and windie was the sessoun.
As is ye freche proverb, grand vant, grad tressou
With scharp hailstanis, thay schot him tratreouslie
Lyke rane in greit wind, syne fled suddanlie.
Sa may we weill, the tyme to deid compair,
For all wes trublit, baith se, land and air.
On Sonday than, the quhilk wes yisterday,
Unto this towne, he come soupit and lay:
Dynit this day, and Just at aleuin houris
Thair wes ane knaif of his Conspiratouris,
Ane Hammiltoun within the bischoppis stair,
Quhilk schot him as thow seis withouttin maie:
Syne at the bak zet, suddanlie he fled,
Sum saw him weill, and followit his hors tred.
Quhilk hors was knawin, belaging to lord Johne
Maha with the rest, this act maid to be done.
Bot to our Sone we keipit companie,
Quhilk in our armes, within this hour did die.
Than deit with him all vertus Cardinall,
Than deit with him Justice Imperiall:
For in his tyme, Gods word was trewly preichit,
And in his tyme, Collegis rychtlie teichit.
Not only lufit he vprychteousnes,
Bot als he hatit vice and vitiousnes:
Not only did he lufe God and him ken,
Bot als he hatit all vngodly men.

To Session als, ilk day he went to se,
Bif Justice wes thair Ministrate trewlie.
The riche and pure, he did alyke regaird,
Duncist the euill, and did the gude rewaird
He wald not lar, the Papists cause ga bak,
Bif it wer Just, bot wald be for him frak.
He wald not thoill, the proud oppres the pure,
Sa far as he, had Regiment and cure.
He did disdane, pryde and ambitiou,
He lufit men, meik of Condition:
He did disdane all foull and fylthie word,
In ony sort, outhir in eirnist or bourd.
Maist diligent he wes to ryn athort,
To gif the wedow, and fatherles confort:
Maist diligent, to heir the pure manis bill,
And gif answer, according to Gods will.
Sober he wes, in meit, in drink, and claitis,
He wald not thoill, blaspheming nor na aithis:
Reddy to heir, quhen ony man spak to him,
Mistrasting not, yat ony wald vndo him.
Peace and concord, ouer all for to mantene,
The pure durst leif pair bestiall on the grene.
For slauchter mercy wald he neuer grant,
Baith murtherars, theifis, and Witches he did dant
For to be schort, lay all your heidis togidder,
Bif ze can find amang you sic ane vther.

¶ Bet by (quod thay) it is almaist midnycht,
With yat all thre, thay went out of my sycht:
Because ane man wes knocking at the zet,
Quhair I did ly, and had my self forzet.
Sa rais I by, all cled in bute and spur,
Quhair yat (quod I) yat knockis at the dur?

I zone

I your gude freind, and Nychtbour answerit he,
 Bar oppin the yet, gude brother now lat se?
 Brother (quod I) how dois my Lord I pray zow
 Departit oh, (quod he) and deid I say zow:
 Allace (quod I) I find my Dieme ouer crew;
 And that full sair, all Scotland sone will rew.
 Than to the Palace went I, and zeid in,
 Thair weiping vocis, hard I making din:
 Within the Chalmer I went quhair he departit,
 Quhilk sycht to se, God wait maid me sair hartit:
 Than come I furth agane, and saw my Lady,
 Quhais horsis at the soir yet wer alreddy.
 To Edinburgh scho went with hart full soir,
 Reuerge his deith ze Lords, I say na moir.

Epitaphe.

Their lvis the Corps (gude pepill) of a Princ
 Quhais Saule in heuin, with God is glorifeit:
 James Regent was, murtherit without offence
 Be ane fals traitour, sa knawin and notifeit.
 Quha wes anis bound, to haif bene Justifeit,
 He gais him grace, allace aganis all resoun:
 O Hamiltoun, it schawis weill thou wes feit,
 Be all that Clan, for to commit this tressoun.

What monit the to do yis Insolence?
 And mak yat Clan, sa to be falsifeit:
 To quhde God knawis, he schew his greit clemēce
 Thocht thou with tressoun hes him gratifeit.
 With all gude vertewis he wes amplifeit,
 With all toul vice, thou hes deplde pair Mairoun

Reflecting the, now haif thay barefeit,
That thay bene weill contentit of this reason.

Thy deid I grant, that his greit patience,
Aganis him self, this deid hes testefeit:
For had he put zow down with diligence
Your tressoun had, not this bene ratifeit.
Ze wer anis all in his will signifeit,
At the Langsyde, sensyne in euerie sessoun:
Now with greit honour is he Magnifeit,
And with greit schame, ze sall choil for this tressoun.

ROBERT XXIII. IANVARII.
ANNO. DO. M. D. LXIX.



